

"THE WORLD IN CINCINNATI"

Great Missionary Exposition
Planned for Queen City will
be a Memorable Event.

SCENES FROM HEATHEN LANDS

Will Be Erected at Music Hall From
March 9th to April 6th. To Be
Conducted on Mammoth Scale
By Experienced People.

One can not realize until he has seen it the tremendous scope of an Exposition such as "The World in Cincinnati" will be. It will be constructed on a mammoth scale, like the Ohio Valley Exposition, and will be entirely devoted to missions. It will be indeed a World's Exposition, for the ends of the earth will be represented in a most striking way. No ordinary exposition ever held in America will present so many unique and attractive features as are planned for this one. There is no finer building in America for such an enterprise than Music Hall. The whole of this great building will be utilized, including the splendid auditorium, the annexes and all subsidiary halls and spaces. Something is being planned for every nook and corner of the great building. The hundreds of thousands who attend will be astonished at the scale on which missions, both home and foreign, will be presented.

Things You Will See.

Will people in large numbers attend such an Exposition? Most assuredly. The attendance in Boston last spring totaled close to 375,000, and went as high as 35,000 on a single day. There will be far more to draw and interest the people than has ever been presented in an Exposition in Cincinnati. The Ohio Valley Exposition drew great crowds. Its interest was almost entirely local. "The World in Cincinnati" will converge in Music Hall the life and problems of the world. It will not simply appeal to those interested in missions, but to all.



Dispensary Scene, Medical Mission Section, "The World in Cincinnati."

Perhaps you have been in China town, in New York or San Francisco and you have wondered what a street in a real Chinese city would look like. Here you will have it. A Chinese street will be reproduced, with its joss house, its apothecary shop, its Chinese houses, and its variegated street life in the midst of it will be a Chinese pagoda. In this street you will see men, women, and children dressed in Chinese costume and so trained that you will almost imagine you have been transported to Peking or Canton.

You have perhaps heard of an East India bazaar, and have wondered what it was like. Come to the Exposition and you will see one in operation, with all the things which make such a place of such vital interest in the Far East. You have heard much of the Zenanas of India. They are the secluded homes of India, where the women live the lives of prisoners. If you were in India and a man you could never hope to see the inside of one. In the Exposition you can see one as it is and study it at your leisure.

The Korean houses will be a constant source of interest to you. You will visit a Japanese home and will witness native tea parties and the odd customs of the people as they greet each other and go through their courteous genuflections. You will see scenes enacted from Burma and the Philippines. An African village will be reproduced, and you will see real idols from India and other lands. Medical missions will be reproduced in a model hospital, and you will see the missionary illustrating his work of healing with living objects. Much space will be given to the North American Indians. A delegation of real Indians may be present from the Government School and will have a part in the daily program.

EXPOSITION RESTAURANT.

There will be a well-equipped restaurant at "The World in Cincinnati" exposition, to be given at Music Hall March 9 to April 6. It will be under the direction and management of those who have had experience in providing for large numbers of people. It will probably be located at one end of the "Hall of the Home Land." Visitors from out of town will find it to their advantage, especially to remember that they may obtain their lunch or dinner at a first-class restaurant, paying moderate prices, without leaving the exposition.

THEY "DONE FETCHED IT"

Triumph Assured When Those That
"Had the Power" Set Out to
Bring the Rain.

"Th-yassah! Yassah! Tanky, snh; dia 'noly am a gawgis rain!" triumphantly said old Brother Dickey Wagstaff. "And us Meferdist is de best! mums, under de Lawd, dat done fetched it!"

"No use in dem udder 'nomernations tryin' deir tricks—dey couldn't cut it! Dey was wrong, de whole posse of 'em (and dey alms is); dat's what's de matter wid 'em. De Babbists, all de diffunt breeds of 'em—de Mish-nary Babbists, de Hard Shells, de Prim'y Babbists, de Peedees, and de Low Brush—dey holds a union meetin' and prays fo' rain; but—huh! Not a drop! And us Shoutin' Meferdist, we knowed 'twould be, all de time."

"Well, uh, and next, all de little 'felly 'nomernations—wrong, too, o' 'em—de 'Piscopallians, and de Camillites (dat's wronger dan any o' de rest, and knows dey's wrong, fetch-tak em!) and de Newnited Presbyterians, and de Cumbersome Presbyterians, and dat ar funny little 'nomernation, de Whatyo'm'callums, dat don't believe in havin' an awgin in de church, and is wrong, and ain't got no sense, besides—dey all held a 'fint camp-meetin' and done what dey could. Oh, dey tried, sah; dey tried, but it wa'n't no use—dey was wrong!"

"And den!—well, sah, us Shoutin' Meferdist dess let dem foolish people go on; let 'em go on, and didn't tant em none to speak of. And den we—dey had de power—tak uh-holt, Helt t-shed-meetin', we did, down dar in de holler. All de good old wheel-hawes 'um mles around was dar, and de singin' sistahs, and three floatin' evangelists, and two 'orters, and sich as dat; and we girded up our lawns, and 'broke fo'th. Well, sah, it took us dees a week, dat's all. On de night o' de seventh day Brudder Hooley Ooley, dat locatins hawes now and ag'in and has de gift o' tongues de rest o' de time, he up an' 'nounced dat he'd dess leerd a voice drap down, uh-sayin': 'If yo'-all will dess hush a minute, I'll rain!' Oh, we fetched it, sah!—'otched it uh-kase we was right!—om P. Morgan, in Puck."

A DIFFERENCE.



Teacher—Massachusetts is called "Bay State."

Tommy (whose father runs a livery stable)—It's sorrel on the map, ma'am.

Further Particulars.

The man who was going to St. Ives had just met the seven wives.

Their combined luggage, as has been narrated, consisted of 49 sacks containing in the aggregate 343 cats and 2,401 kittens.

"Ah," said he, pleasantly, "what have we here? A traveling cat show?"

"No, sir," they explained; "we are answering a want ad."

Thus, one by one, does scientific research continue to solve the mysteries of the ages.

Their European Journey.

"And did you go through Berlin while touring abroad?" asked the caller.

"Did we, de-er?" said the wife to her husband.

"Yes," replied the busy man from behind his paper; "don't you remember we bought some gasoline there?"

"And Paris—did you stop in Paris?" continued the caller.

"Did we, de-er?" asked the wife of her better half.

"Why, of course. Don't you know we busted a tire there and had to have another put on."

A Remarkable Boy.

Wogga—You seem to be very proud of your youngest son. He must be a very remarkable youth.

Pogga—He is. Judging from the papers, I think he is the only 12-year-old boy in the country who hasn't invented a perfect wireless telegraph, submarine boat or aeroplane.—Puck.

Answer.

A correspondent thinks to get us into trouble by propounding a theological poser. He asks "Why did St. Paul make it compulsory for women to wear their hats in church?"

Easy, old chap. He wanted to make sure that all the women would go to church.—Washington Star.

Different Conditions.

"When I was a girl," said Mrs. McGoldy, "a young man who was engaged to a girl asked her for a lock of her hair."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but in those days girls could afford to give away hair. They raised it themselves instead of buying it."

PLANS FOR CHILDREN

Great Exposition Will Welcome
the Boys and Girls.

Many Special Features for Them, as
Well as Reduced Prices of
Admission.

One of the purposes, it may almost be said the main purpose, for which "The World in Cincinnati" exposition is to be open in Music Hall, Cincinnati, from March 9 to April 6, was organized to interest Boys and Girls in Missionary work at home and abroad, and to inspire them for Missionary service. The promoters are making arrangements to welcome boys



Group of Indians From Carlisle's School, "The World in Boston."

and girls of all Churches, and no Churches, to admit them at greatly reduced rates, and to engage specially qualified Stewards and speakers for them. The Children will find every part of the Exposition full of things which will appeal to their understanding and interest, and the games and other occupations of children in all countries will be illustrated continuously by actual reproduction.

Boys and girls of fourteen years of age and under will be admitted to the Exposition at reduced prices at any time. For such the single admission ticket of 25 cents is reduced to 15 cents.

ARMY OF VOLUNTEERS

Great Exposition Has Enlisted
Fourteen Thousand Workers

Two Hundred Churches Are Co-Operating to Make Success of "World in Cincinnati."

A total of about 14,000 volunteer workers have been enrolled for "The World in Cincinnati" Missionary Exposition, which will be open in Music Hall March 9 to April 6. The names of this army of people have been received from more than 200 churches of Cincinnati and vicinity.

The workers are divided into several classes. There are more than 5,000 stewards, men and women, both young and old, who will serve in relays and populate the various scenes and sections of the Exposition, explaining to visitors everything that may be seen. Most of these stewards will wear the costume of the country to which they have been assigned. There are nearly 5,000 Pageant workers also. About half of the Pageant workers are members of the grand choir. They will sing the splendid choruses of the Pageant of Darkness and Light, wearing a suitable costume and occupying seats in the Pageant hall outside of the proscenium arch. The other half of the Pageant workers take the parts of the people of various foreign lands upon the platform, impersonating American Indians, Eskimos, natives of Africa, people of India and Hawaiians.

There will be at least 1,000 ushers, all men, who will act as guides, door-keepers and in other ways keep the crowds moving. In all about 2,500 children will be required. Several hundred of these will be trained to play the games which the children of foreign lands play, and this they will do in the different foreign scenes of the Exposition, thus illustrating the child life of non-Christian lands. All will wear appropriate costumes.

Besides these three groups of children, all of whom are to have work to do in the Exposition proper, between 1,500 and 2,000 are being enrolled to take part in the great final episode of the Pageant of Darkness and Light. They will march in a procession down one of the aisles of the Pageant Hall to the platform, where, with all of the other Pageant participants, they will form a part of the great closing tableau.

NOT FOR PRIVATE PROFIT.

The cost of the Exposition will be in the neighborhood of \$85,000, and it has been financed by a group of wealthy men in Cincinnati, who have advanced the funds required to pay all bills promptly as they become due. This group of men includes some of the most prominent citizens of Cincinnati. It is expected the Exposition will not only pay its running expenses, but enable the men who subscribed to the guarantee fund to be repaid with interest at 6 per cent per annum on the sums which they have advanced. Should a profit remain, it will be turned over to the Missionary Education Movement for the furtherance of missionary education.

WHAT SHE WANTED

MAID HAD NO TIME TO BOTHER
WITH NUMBERS.

Landonia Does a Little Telephoning
for Her Mistress, and Gets a Bit
Frustrated During the Un-
usual Operation.

Landonia, the young colored "help," was not long from the farm in Virginia. She was very observant, however, and not at all disposed either to display or admit ignorance or unfamiliarity, so when her new mistress asked her if she could call up Mrs. Floyd-Jones on the telephone so that she—the mistress—might talk with her, she said, "Yes, mayum, with promptness and confidence. This was the audacious evidence that she attempted to do so."

Clapping the receiver to her ear, she began immediately:

"Hello, hello, hel—"

"Huh? Wha's dat?"

"Number? Number what?"

"Doan' wan' no number. Ma missus jes' wan' ter talk ter Mrs. Floyd-Jones. Huh?"

"Wha's her number, wha? Say, doan' yo' ast me no fool questions. Des yo' tell Mrs. Floyd-Jones' ma missus wan' ter talk wif her on de telephone. Huh?"

"Huh? Ah hearn ma missus talkin' right yere wif her on'y dis maw'nin', an' Ah reckon Ah knows."

"Huh? Wha's dat? 'Deed yer won' giv me no information, ner nobody lak yer. Why doan yer de lak Ah tell yer?"

Ah tell yer ma missus—

"Wha's dat? Wha's yo' an waffer yo' all buttin' in dere when Ah's tryin' to make dat udder hussy do lak Ah tell her? Ma missus wan' ter talk wif Mrs. Floyd-Jones. Ah hearn her talkin' yere wif her dis—"

"Huh? Where does she live? Where does who live? Mrs. Floyd-Jones? Waffer yo' all askin' such fool questions, des lak t'other one? She lives right dere, doan she? I hearn ma missus talkin' right yere wif her on'y dis maw'nin', an' Ah guess Ah knows wha'—"

"Wha's dat? Say, Ah ain't a-go'in' er tell yer wha she lives. Jes yo' git erway fum dere an' tell Mrs. Floyd-Jones ma missus wan' ter talk wif—"

"Wha's dat? Waffer yo' all tellin' manager's office ter me? An' waffer yer buttin' in, anyway? Ah tell yer ma missus wan' ter talk wif Mrs. Floyd-Jones. Ah hearn her talkin'—"

"Huh? Say, yo'-all hain't got no more sense dan de res' o' dem. Ah'd lak ter know wha yo'-all means by hollerin' 'wha's her number' an' 'information' an' 'manager's office' an' sich t'ings. Ah jes' tell yer, ma missus—"

"Fer goodness sake! Is yo'-all a fool nigger er fool white man? An' waffer's yo'-all mixin' in yere fer? Ah tell yer ma missus wan' ter talk wif Mrs. Floyd-Jones. Ah hearn her talkin'—"

"Yer kaint give me Mrs. Floyd-Jones unless yer knows her number er wha she lives? Ah des wan' yer ter know dat ma missus fren's doan go by numbers, lak 'chain gangers; dey has names. An' yo'-all knows well eruff dat she lives right where yo' is, bause Ah hearn ma missus talkin' wif her right yere on'y dis maw'nin', an' Ah reckon Ah knows eruff ter—"

"Yes'm, Mis' Robinson. Ah never seen sech er lot o' fool people as des' been sayin' fings ter me. Yes'm. Yere t're; an' Ah suddenly hopes dey all won' sass yo'-all same as dey did me. Yas'm."

And the flustered "help," who had been jumping up and down and shouting, handed the receiver to her amused mistress, who straightened things out in a jiffy.—New York Press.

Men Do the Same Thing.

Here's a twentieth century epic which will appeal to the heart of man: A dog sat in the midnight chill and howled at the beaming moon; his knowledge of music was strictly nil and his voice was out of tune. And he howled and howled as the hours went by, while dodging the bricks we threw, till the moon was low in the western sky, and his voice was split in two. And there wasn't a thing at which to howl over which a pup should weep, and the course of that dog was wrong and foul, for people were wild to sleep. There are plenty of men like that blamed fool bond, who yell when there's nothing wrong, disturbing the country with senseless sound—the pessimist's doleful song.—Hillsboro (Texas) News.

He Solved It.

"She is an inveterate hunter of bargains."

"Now I know what led to her remark last night when she looked into my eyes after I failed to take her out to dinner."

"What did she say?"

"Declared very sentimentally that the eyes are the windows of the soul and that she just loved to look in windows where she could see something cheap."

Good Work.

"You have had that cook a long time, haven't you?"

"Quite a while, and she's the goods, too."

"I wish you'd tell my wife how you manage to keep her."

"I got the mayor of the city to appoint her to the office after giving her a sort of a civil service examination, and now she thinks she's holding a political office, you know, officeholders never let go."

Caring for Uncle Horace

Uncle Horace was over sixty and discouragingly rich.

There is a point where one's income becomes so great that people pass from common, ordinarily covetous envy to a resignedly helpless state of mind. They write down the figures of that income, stare at them and then say: "Oh, shucks! There ain't no such income!" That was the delightful kind of income Uncle Horace had. Mrs. Stebbins and Mrs. Crump, his two nieces, were so devoted to him and said they counted it such a joy to have the dear old man's presence glorify their homes that they lost good sleep planning how to entice him away from each other.

Moreover, each was firmly convinced that the other was a designing person.

Since he had come to stay with Mrs. Stebbins for a few months she had felt that something was wrong with Uncle Horace. If it had not been for his income Uncle Horace would have been a small, insignificant individual with pale eyes and an unpleasant habit of wanting the best chair, and of sitting in the next room and coughing when his niece had callers. Under the circumstances he was a reserved, original man with ideas of his own, which his relatives delighted to humor.

What worried Mrs. Stebbins especially was Uncle Horace's air of abstraction and his unwonted helpfulness. Usually he was under feet, investigating everything that went on and getting in the way tremendously. On these occasions Mrs. Stebbins was wont to say, through her teeth, that it was perfectly wonderful the way Uncle Robert kept up.

This time he paid no attention to what was going on in the house, but would sit deep in meditation or stare out of the window. Mrs. Stebbins' first fear was that he was losing his mind.

She said she would feel perfectly terrible if anything like that happened to the dear old man while he was under her care. She said she never would be able to forgive herself, never!

"Mebbe it's rheumatism," Stebbins suggested, hopefully. "That is liable to make a man do almost anything!"

"Don't you want some more blankets on your bed, Uncle Horace?" his niece asked him after this suggestion. "Are you perfectly comfortable?"

"Thank you, Tilda, I'm perfectly comfortable," Uncle Horace had responded. "I guess I'll go after the mail!"

This was really a double blow, for Uncle Horace normally was not polite, and he always wanted anything that was offered him, no matter what it was, and also it was a long walk to the post office.

Mrs. Stebbins had begged him to let little Johnny go and save his own strength, but Uncle Horace had persisted. He said he felt that he ought to do something instead of sitting around and letting the family wear themselves out waiting on him, and that he was glad to be of service.

"Not in this rain, Uncle Horace!" "Surely not when the wind is blowing so, Uncle Horace!" or "Don't worry me by going out in this snowstorm, Uncle Horace!" had not the remotest effect upon him when he started to climb into his galoshes and wrappings to go after the mail.

Mrs. Stebbins said to her husband, dolefully, that she feared it was the beginning of the end.

The week that Uncle Horace took to starting at a sound and to flush at a word or an unexpected look, filled Mrs. Stebbins with alarm. That something awful was the matter with Uncle Horace she was convinced and she besought him to see a doctor. She made him jelly and fed him beef tea despite his protests and tried in vain to get some intelligible conversation out of him.

Then one day he went after the mail and did not come back.

Mrs. Stebbins had the whole town out searching for him. She wept as she looked on closet shelves and up trees and in other impossible places and said that nobody could know how her heart bled at the idea that darling old Uncle Horace might be in terrible danger that very moment.

The Stebbins family and most of the town stayed up all night searching. Then the next morning a note that explained everything came from Uncle Horace.

"I went away to get married," he wrote in his crabbed hand. "I have been corresponding for some time with a most estimable widow of forty-five, who wants to make a home for me in my old age. She has four children, and we will all come to visit you soon, for I know you will be as fond of Sally and the children as you are of me."

They revived Mrs. Stebbins three times before she quit fainting. Then she remembered that Mrs. Crump was lit just as hard as she was and that made her feel better.

"It serves that designing, self-seeking woman exactly right!" she told the neighbors. "Pretending to care about the doddering, foolish, tiresome old man! As for me, I took him in because I felt it was my duty!"

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HILLSBORO MARKETS.

Hillsboro, Feb. 20, 1912

Retail Grocers.

RETAIL PRICES.

Wheat, bushels	94
Cor'n, old	83
Oats	53
Potatoes new	1 90 1 31
White beans bushels	24
Butter	31
Eggs, dozen	23
Young chickens	3
Chickens, per lb.	1 25
Turkeys, per lb.	1 25
Ducks, per lb.	1 25
Bacon hams, per lb.	24 15
Bacon Sides	1 25
Bacon Shoulders	24 10
Lard	10
Hay, 100	30 00

RETAIL PRICES.

Ex. C Sugar	7 1/2
A Sugar	7 1/2
Granulated Sugar	7 1/2
Cut Leaf and Forward Sugar	19
Coffee, Rio	25 49
Tea, Imp. Y. K. and G. P. (1 lb.)	76
Tea, Black	85
Cheese, factory	23 16
Flour, good family (100 lbs.)	3 00
Flour, N. O. (100 lbs.)	2 69
Sorghum	2 40
Jacked Syrup	2 35
Oil (100 lbs.)	16
Salt	1 30
Hams city sugar cured (100 lbs.)	16 16

LIVE STOCK.

Beef, cwt., gross	1 00 1 00
Veal, cwt., gross	7 50 4 00
Sheep and lambs, per cwt.	1 00 3 50
Hogs, cwt., gross	5 50 6 40
Stock Hogs, gross	5 00 6 40
Milch Cows with calves	5 00 40 00

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FAIRVIEW.

February 19, 1912.

C. S. Burton, of Hillsboro, visited relatives here, Sunday.

Miss Edna Hadley entertained Sunday her cousins, Elsie and Nellie Frost, of Hoaglands.

The Robert Bur. on property changed hands recently, Ed. Sanders being the purchaser. Consideration \$1,200.

The Winkin property has been rented and will be occupied soon.

Mrs. Bettie Winkle spent Sunday with her mother, Margaret Hart.

C. A. Lemon was a business visitor in Cincinnati Friday.

J. W. Hart and family spent Wednesday with aunt, Sarah Gibling and Mrs. Harrison.

Olive Roush is sick with pneumonia.

Misses Vista and Mattie Chaney, of Willettsville, spent part of last week with their cousin, Blanche Laymon, who gave a taffy pulling to a number of their young friends on Thursday evening.